



lovefool  
*by maanyaa*





love in ancient languages.

things have gone rotten since we last  
spoke

i miss you in rivers i don't  
allow myself to bridge

i still look for you in the crevices  
of my wet floors held together by  
sagging timber

oh how stoppily my house creaks  
under the weight of barely making  
a living

and you were right

i wish i could just tell you  
that you were right

this greyscale monotony we painted  
in with each other's screams

rigor mortis

after you stopped asking me to  
suckle from your wrists

i loved you in languages i  
didn't speak yet.



# Venus in Room 302

i've found love  
in the crevices of hotel rooms  
as i'm sold! for the low low  
price of a compliment  
to the gentleman at the bar  
and he's twice my age  
my performances of half-care  
the choir to his sobs  
oh how he misses his adolescence  
on his knees he  
worships at my  
twisted altar  
eyes squeezed shut as he  
tries not to picture his  
perfect wife waiting  
at my worst i am still  
the sun soaked and disgusted  
goddess of love





asbestos

give me two thousand years  
of asbestos

like lovers kept apart or maybe  
fused in purgatory  
for eternities

As i gnash and scream and  
cave and fade into  
a love that won't leave me





# JUST FRIENDS



the last man who kissed  
brief and transactional  
the hands that cradled m  
face jerked skywards as  
he left my temples stic  
with his blood like a  
favour i will spend my  
paying off  
he held high above the  
between his fingers  
he turned me over and  
speculating  
dissecting

unable to quite place  
i let him completely un  
in hopes that we wo  
find something salvaged  
no

said my dear friend  
it's just as i feared



me



my  
ky

life

ground

over

his disgust  
travel me  
ould  
ble

# the projects

i am waiting for a sign that  
this is what dreams are made of  
you tell me again and again that  
no one could ever want me  
as you carve at your forearms

look at your bulging eyes

look at your wretched tongue <sup>you scream</sup>  
<sup>you wail</sup>

how else can i love you but with  
cement

rods

chains

i need to build a skyscraper  
with your crooked spine

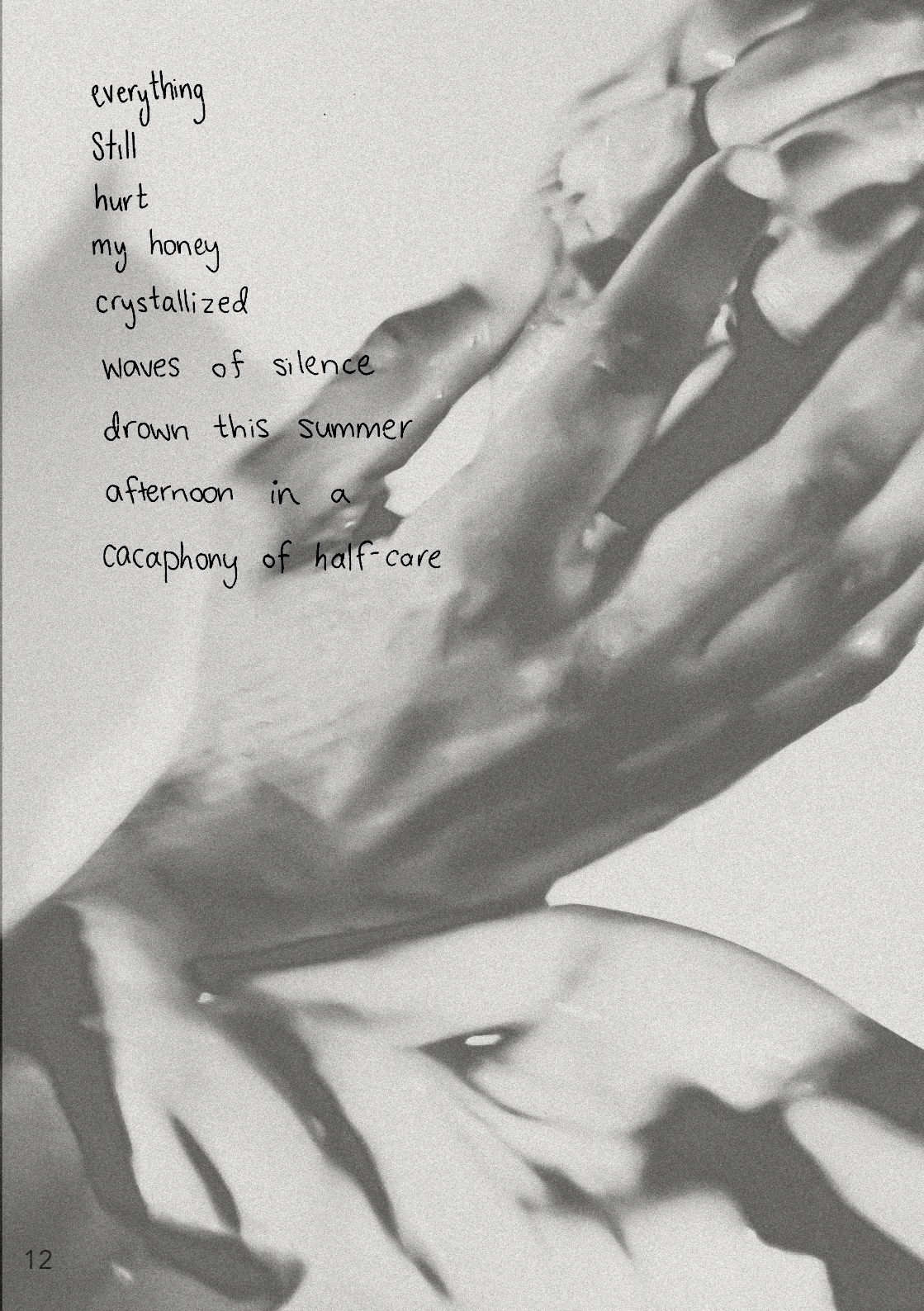
i need to water our plants  
with your wrung jugular

you tell me again and again that  
loving me is back-breaking work  
and i agree.









everything  
Still  
hurt  
my honey  
crystallized  
waves of silence  
drown this summer  
afternoon in a  
cacaphony of half-care





She will be replaced  
in flurries  
swirling snow on  
sweating fingertips  
in july  
for a second we brace  
for impact  
together  
still.

# SUNSETS at 4:27 PM

there's a knife on the table  
but tonight your hands are  
occupied

wiping your tears  
as i try to tell you over and  
over that it's over

in every language i know  
but you drown out my  
whispered pleas with

soliloquies of desperation  
válgame san rafael

oh st. raphael

tener el agua

to have the water

tan cerca y

so close and

no poderla beber

no way to drink it.







# *on waking up alone*

i've been thinking about you

you left your records here  
your eyes are in my walls  
your teeth are scattered on my pillowcases

i haven't gotten around to picking them up  
piece by piece just yet  
i smell your decay as i force myself  
awake at night  
i see your ribcage  
dance at the foot of my bed

all i hear is the last words you said to me  
i mean it this time i mean it  
waking up to the apparition of my care

the problem with suffering  
is that it feels religious if you do it right

you taught me young and early  
didn't you baby  
worship or crumble under the  
weight of your world  
always an overachiever here i am

doing both look  
i'm doing it baby  
why won't you just stop by to see





Valerie

you deserved better than my  
missed calls and missed dates

Kissing in the dark with one eye  
open staring at the door

valerie i hope you found someone  
that treated you better than

the fury of my rotting carcass

as you tried relentlessly to bandage  
my appendages

as they clung onto my torso  
with sinewy ligaments

you'd be carressing me  
such care

as i would be praying  
you would just go home  
your two cats

Valerie

i hope you found someone  
treated you better





with  
that  
me to  
neone that



*cupid's trick*





i met cupid at the club at 3 am and she followed me around bellowing curses in languages i had never heard before. the dj kept hollering yes keep the energy up and the dancers swarmed around me. a cocoon of drunken warriors warding off this hysterical woman but i swear i met cupid at the club at 3 am and she cursed at me til her voice went hoarse. i tried my best, she said finally, having tired herself out. i could barely hear her over the tongue of my lover of the week. i tried my best. i tried my best.





Valeri

i got fired  
from job  
hired for  
i think i  
heartbreak  
when the  
told me

its o  
for real  
you ca  
don't y  
come  
this tin



and yes i admit maybe it was rude for  
me to ask her what her name was again

and yes i admit maybe it was rude for  
me to ask her why she was crying

and yes i admit that 104 grams of meth-  
ylphenidate may have been a hair more  
than i was prescribed

and yes i admit that maybe i should call  
my mother back

because this started in the womb and  
recently  
my flesh has been painted with the  
white lines and white lies  
of a holy matrimony as commendable  
as my parents  
oh my god its twenty five years this  
spring  
how horrid a thought

i beg you tell me this is alright  
tell me this is the type of thing  
my mothers dreamt up  
when they flew across the world  
bleeding  
rivers  
of new life  
into airplane seats  
fit for  
half  
a girl

## *humming softly in the shadows*

i think everyone likes to pretend  
that when they're falling in love  
they're inventing something entirely holy

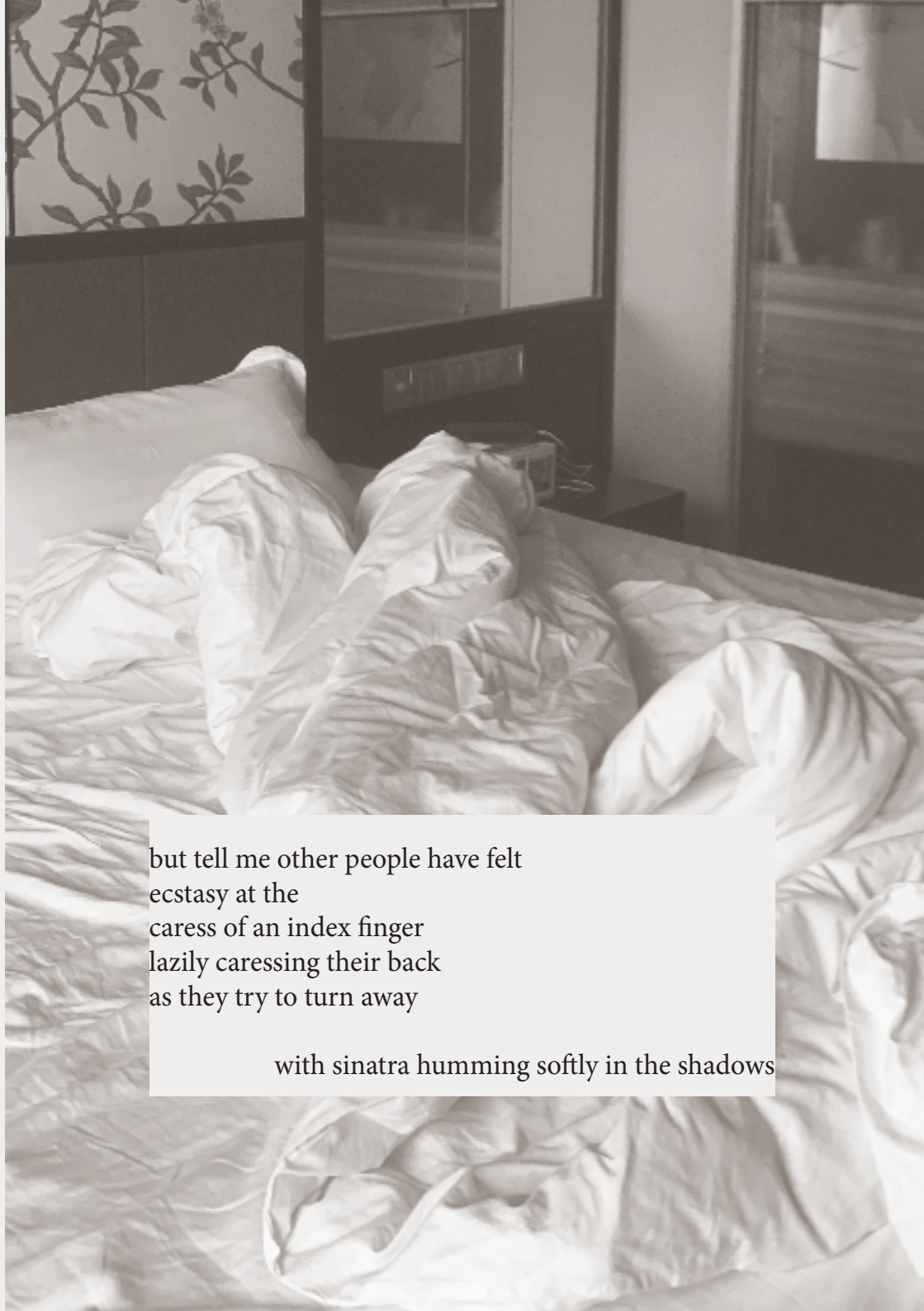
i don't believe that other people have  
felt as sweet  
as i did in his arms at that cheap hotel

i can't imagine that anyone has ever  
felt divinity so pure  
right in between their fingertips  
as i did when i was playing with his curls

i don't think anyone has ever listened to frank sinatra  
in the way he was meant to be listened to  
but i did that night at 3 am  
in between too crisp hotel sheets

it couldn't have been love





but tell me other people have felt  
ecstasy at the  
caress of an index finger  
lazily caressing their back  
as they try to turn away

with sinatra humming softly in the shadows

## *lover cat figurine man*

there isn't much to be said anymore. i guess one last story is warranted. i'll allow myself one last story.

the first time i let myself eat alone was at a japanese izakaya. you know those dimly lit labyrinths, crawling with booths for one, booths for one, booths for one. my summer lover was on his way to the airport and i didn't know it yet but that was the last happy day of my year.

i ordered a bowl of noodles and read some murakami. there's this passage from that night that haunts me.

"i really like you, midori, a lot,"

"how much is a lot"

"like a spring bear."

a spring bear. i think about my spring bear more than i've thought about my mother recently. or eating right. or forgetting him. i think about my spring bear a lot.

a few months later since that first time, i had another first. a halloween in love with someone who hadn't called me back in weeks. i don't know how i got here but really, really i do. this japanese izakaya is populated by nobody but me and the staff. dressed in black like flies they flutter between the labyrinthine corridors bored and uninspired. bouts of shouts erupt every four minutes from a booth behind me, the owner i assume is yelling in shrieks at her son, sitting worlds away.

"your exams are coming up so soon how many times i say how many times do i have to beg you to stay off your games and you're going to forget everything if you don't keep revising over and over and" softening slowly, "please get off your ipad baby i'll be home soon."

my favorite thing about this city is when coolios gangstas paradise plays at midnight in an upscale japanese restau-







rant of which i am a sole tourist, trying to order  
vegan food in mandarin. there is none. i order a  
side of edamame. my sole meal for today.

i miss him in waves and this one takes longer than  
most to moor. there's a tiny figurine of a man with  
a briefcase sitting at eye level. his briefcase hangs  
to his side and he looks plainly down at his bowl  
of rice. he has the peace of the two lover cats i saw  
earlier as i was looking for solitude in a city full to  
the brim with people wearing corner store rubber  
masks painted sloppily. a performance only for  
me. a beauty no one gets but me. and i'm lucky. i'm  
lucky to still live here and be here and dance here  
and love here but beauty isn't beauty until i show it  
to him. like a child offering up her found flowers at  
the altar of her mother's approval i still wonder if  
he would find the lover cats as lovely as i did.

i spent about a week with my summer lover, and  
two years with the girl who loved me enough for  
the both of us (until she didn't). i could count to  
you, dear, each curl of his and how they spelled  
out poetry for me from memory. i could create a  
metronome of his breath and his blinks if you won-  
dered how sitting by him sounded. i could dictate  
to you word for word every little thing he whis-  
pered to me when we were alone. it was one week  
of being held so tight i am wound in its aftershocks  
months later. i added a song to our since aban-  
doned joint playlist last night hoping he'd see it. "i  
don't want to get over you." how to get over a man  
who's skin i could paint on the back of my hands.  
you don't.

you revise and  
you revise and  
you revise and  
you revise and  
until one of you comes home.





**10:32 pm**

i command and he listens  
albeit with a grin i can't wait to bite off of him  
how did he get to be so sweet  
what does he see when he looks past me  
in the throes of ecstasy

i wonder where he learned to worship with such beauty  
does he wonder where i learned to wipe my tears  
onto the back of my hands and  
into my neck so that i can proclaim

it's sweat  
it's sweat  
don't worry baby  
it's sweat

he licks me clean and i am pure again  
for a second i am pure again  
we use our teeth like we are hanging on an edge

it hurts it hurts it hurts  
until  
suddenly  
he wanes and

i am free

for a second


he wanes

and i am free again









*my lover of the week likes jazz.* he plays his favourite solos and looks in my eyes for a glimmer of recognition. he grabs my hand under the coffee table with the biggest grin on his face when he recognizes the elevator music that the cafe down the street from my house plays for him the morning after. i squeeze it back, nodding along, praising his sharp ear. he dwells in silences. i tell him about how my past lovers treated me, nay, worshiped me, and he nods knowingly, hands in his pockets, not the least bit intimidated. i can't get enough of his nonchalance. i think about how well his tongue fit in my ear that morning, how sweet his blood tasted when i bit his perfect shoulders. ecstasy in all of its forms as i try to submit to the mortifying ordeal of being seen. of being held. of being known. *my lover of the week likes jazz.* he won't be here tomorrow, but right now we're sitting in a cafe listening to his favorite songs, and i can't begin to understand what he hears.



Kodak 柯达专业菲林

来底加印

切勿

the song of the summer

40 playlists

40 days and

40 nights

i weave them carefully

so they sound like how

your voice hummed in my ear

the first time you called me

baby

laying sweetly in my arms

that night you asked me

what songs remind me of you

and i just laughed

because well

every damn song did

3 am and

you're a world away  
busy forgetting me like

as august surrendered  
to september

we were a summer  
dancing bittersweetly to  
inevitable end

neither of us wanted  
the first to say goodbye

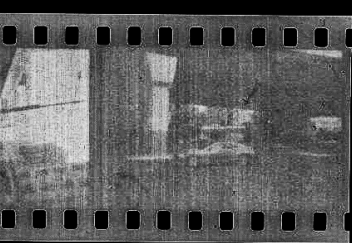
so you sent me that  
heavenly song

a serenade of unspoken

fuck you for thinking  
listened to anything else

Kodak Professional Film Please (DO NOT) cut strips into strips





剪开底片



promised  
lazily

its

to be  
ge

en farewells  
i've  
se since.

angle negatives

